

Him & I by renateamalie

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Summary:

Billy tries to push you away, only to expose his worst fear.

Him & I

Author's Note:

Authors note: I struggled so much with this drabble, ugh. However, here is my take on Billy showing up at your place after a fight with Neil.

YOUR EYES PEER OPEN as numerous violent bangs on the front door rip you from your sleep. The heavy pounding of your heart against your chest echoes in your ears, causing you to jolt upright in bed. While rubbing the sleep from your eyes, you slowly glance to your left. Staring back at you, the glaring neon light from your alarm clock reads 00:47 AM. *Who the hell would knock on your door at this time?* Unless— pulling the covers back, you expose yourself to the harsh evening air. You bring your legs out from the bed, shivering slightly as your naked feet collide with the floorboards. Standing up, you wrap your arms around yourself as you hurry from your bedroom. Pressure builds inside your chest as the heavy pounding on the door continues. The faint glimpse of moonlight illuminates the staircase, enough for you to rush down and towards the front door. Without hesitation, you rip it open — startled to find Billy leaning towards the doorframe with a bottle of bourbon in hand.

"—Please tell me you didn't drive here, Hargrove" you look past him, letting out a sigh of relief at the absence of his blue Camero. He takes a long swig from the bottle, the harsh scent of alcohol hitting you hard. *Jesus Christ, Hargrove.* "I take it your dad isn't home" he questions with his head bowed. Shaking your head, you motion for him to come in. He stumbles into the living room, his balance clearly affected by the alcohol. "He's working nights. Somehow I think that's a *good* thing, don't think he'd be too happy with me letting some guy in at this time a night" you close the door behind him, crossing your arms over your chest as you turn to face him. "Hmpf, *some* guy, huh" he mutters under his breath, taking another sip of the bottle. It is quite apparent something has happened and judging by his alcohol intake it is something *big*.

You reach to turn on one of the table lamps, only to have your fears

confirmed as he motions for you not to. "**Don't**" he insists, his husky voice filled with warning. It is only when he takes a step forward, with the moonlight hitting his face through the windows, that you notice his split lip and a developing bruise on his cheek. You bite your lip, wanting nothing more than to reach out and touch him. This was hardly the first time he had come to you after a fight with Neil — but it still made the blood coursing through your veins boil.

"Would you like to talk about it?" you ask, trying to ignore the slight tremble in your voice. His lips curl upwards, as he lets out a mocking chuckle. "Talk about it, huh" he repeats— the tone of his voice laced with venom. He takes another long sip, leaving the bottle almost empty. You reach out to grab the bottle from him. "That's enough, Billy" you insist. He pulls his arm from your grip, unintentionally pushing you back. He scans you over, his gaze filled with anger and something else entirely.

"You think you can save me, huh? Is that it? Is that why you keep following me around like some lost puppy?" he sneers. His broad shoulders sway from side to side, as each predatory step brings him closer to you. "Guess what, princess—" you step back, unable to conceal the slight tremble to your fingertips. "—You can't save me. I don't need fucking saving" your back collides with the wall. Your breath quickens, causing your chest to rise and fall rapidly. Both of his hands slam into the wall on each side of your frame — effectively caging you in. You are forced to meet his gaze, his eyes burning with fury — though you were not entirely convinced it was aimed at you. "**I. Don't. Need. You**" he hisses through clenched teeth. His cruel words hit you like a punch in the gut, knocking the wind out of you. How could he, *no* — how dare he say that! After everything — all the fights, the laughter, all the times he told you he loved you. Tears shimmer in your eyes, a single one rushing down your cheek.

Placing both your hands on his chest, you push him back with all the strength you can muster. He staggers back slightly, his jaw clenched and eyes focused on yours. "Bullshit, Hargrove!" you snap — pushing at him yet again. He starts chewing on his lower lip, his eyes closed to fight back tears. You knew *exactly* what he was trying to do, and it was evident that it was killing him.

"Bullshit, huh?" he mumbles. He pinches the bridge of his nose, shaking his head faintly.

"Yes, bullshit" you push him yet again — though this time it makes no difference. He grabs both of your wrists, his grip holding you in place as the bottle of bourbon falls to the floor, dark liquid staining the living room carpet. You struggle against his grip, quickly realizing it is to no use.

"I am my father's son" he pulls you in closer, forcing you to look him dead in the eye. "—I can't escape that! I can't change who I am"

"You're not him, Billy. You're *better* than him" cold tears stream down your face. Sadness clouds his features, causing him to lower his head. It pains him to see you upset, but it *kills* him to know he is the reason for your tears. He releases his grip on your wrists, allowing your arms to fall to your side.

"What if I am?" he lifts his chin. His eyes are filled to the brim with tears. "What if I—" his voice breaks slightly, his hands coming up to cup the sides of your face. The pad of his thumb strokes your cheek gently. "—What if I hurt you? I couldn't— *I can't*—" panic takes over his voice, as the tears break free from the corners of his eyes.

"You *won't*"